

Hitman

by Winder

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Summary: BunnyXToothless or as me and my little sister call it, Bight ;)  
;) Anyways this was to try out a new writing style.  
:)

Hitman

More Bunny X Toothless

\_ "We want you to kill him." \_

Thinking back on those words while looking into the toxic eyes of the one they had been talking about Aster freezes. They had been talking about this guy? But he was just a kid? How could they want him to do that to someone who probably hadn't even seen their twentieth birthday? Maybe their nineteenth, but he's always had a problem with going after people under the age of twenty-two.

Looking around he was hoping to find someone else that fit the description, someone else that he could go after and say that it was a mistake, but they're all alone in this place. No matter where he looks or how hard he listens he can't hear or see any other people among the crates that litter the, apparently, abandoned warehouse.

He doesn't want to hurt this kid, but it doesn't really look like he's was going to have a choice. Not in a million years would he have thought that the number one guard of the Haddock family would have been someone so young, still, there was no way to get into that position without earning it. Judging someone for their skill at a certain age was always a dangerous way to go.

So, with a heavy sigh, Aster pulled out his gun.

The moment he'd taken his eyes off the other to do so though he was

gone. Like a silent shadow in the dark of the night. Naturally his shoulders hunched up as his eyes darted around to every movement, trying to catch where the kid had gone off to before out of nowhere he's tackled from the side. His gun skitters a few feet away from him, making an awful scratching noise as it does so. He forgets about it a moment later however in favour of stopping a blade when it's only inches away from stabbing into his stomach. Twisting them around he manages to throw the kid off, both of them rolling to their feet not even seconds later as the night haired male slowly moves back and forth on the balls of his feet. He's just waiting for Aster to take his eyes off him again so he can try and sneak up on him once more, but the older male refuses to fall for that trick a second time as he reaches underneath his jacket in favour of grabbing out another weapon.

It's when his hand is just wrapping around the handle that his enemy moves in again. He doesn't waste the few precious seconds he has before the guy is at his throat. Oddly enough though the moves of his opponent feel off. There's something going off in the mind of the one he has to fight that's making his movements sloppy, and just a little bit to slow. Aster knows he should be happy about this, but it's the look behind the steel doors that are the hard green eyes that makes him stop.

He ducks under a widely thrown punch and slides under the arm, moving quickly in order to shove the kid into one of the many crates that surrounds them. Without a word he's got the others arm twisted tightly behind his back and a eight inch blade pressed snugly into the boy's other side. This was just to easy, it was way to easy, and Aster finds his brows drawing together in question over it. This couldn't have been the one they were telling him about, and yet, tattooed to the back of his neck is the symbol of the Berk leader's favourite assassin.

Killing the boy isn't the first thing on his mind, not even after he's caught and hissing up a storm while throwing whatever he can in order to make Aster let go of him. Instead he forces him to turn around. He doesn't care about how much of an open target he is making himself right now, neither of them want to be fighting at this moment and Aster knows his reason, but he's rather curious about this kid's. Upon a closer look though he's not surprised to see the eyes of one who is just to tired to fight anymore. He's to young to be wearing that face though, and once again Aster wonders why.

He'd heard awhile ago that someone, Pitch if his information was correct, had gone after their rivals son. He'd heard that the boy was tortured for days before he was finally sent back to his father, but only in pieces. The story had made Aster sick when he'd heard it, but now it made him sick to wonder if they hadn't only taken a son, but an irreplaceable friend as well. If that was true than he could understand how this guy was feeling, he'd just lost one too.

He'd tried to tell Frostbite it was a bad idea, getting in personal with the other side was never a way to go for smart people, but the boy, as stubborn and cocky as always, had just laughed off his worries. It had barely been hours after he'd found out what happened that the stupid kid had snapped and gone after Pitch for what he'd done.

Aster wasn't stupid though, and for self preservation he kept the

knife carefully at the others throat as he continued to keep his fingers tightly wrapped around his more dominate hand. When he let the hand go though it just fell uselessly to the night haired male's side as he stared at the older male with a look that was so void he could have already been dead.

"You too huh?"

The words seem to ring out in the wide silence, making both of them flinch as they seemed to echo around the room before bouncing back to them with such force that they both turn away from each other for a moment.

They're both to young, they're both to young to be hurting the way that they do, they're both to young to lose people they love, they're both to young to be living the kind of lives that they had, but yet he was sure it was that way for a countless number of people. They were both drowning now, and Aster didn't know how to save himself from it, let alone anyone else.

"I'm supposed to kill you."

He's surprised at how disappointed his own words sound as the other remains silent.

He's supposed to, but he doesn't want to. He never did, and now that he's created up a friendship in his mind about the one that someone on his side hurt so much, he feels to guilty to do much of anything other than let the kid go. The last thing he expects is for his enemy to grab his knife wielding hand and push it against his own throat until the edge just managed to bite into the tanned skin.

He's quick to drop the knife though, dropping it and instead using his fingers to wrap around the thin throat, his thumb rubbing at the small wound across this young man's skin as the brows of the other raise just the slightest in confusion. Raising his other hand up to brush away the bangs that have fallen into the face of his young enemy Aster carefully leans in and presses his lips to the others. At first he's shoved back, greeted with nothing other than a low hiss and a sharp toothed snarl that he chooses to overlook when he pulls the smaller male towards him once more.

The resistance is still there when he tries again, not that he was expecting anything different, but he keeps the boy in place this time until the shoves become pulls, and the muffled hisses become almost soundless whimpers.

The kid's done for after that, Aster makes sure of it. He runs his fingers over every place he can, finding all of the spots that give him a little bit more of a reaction than a simple noise, and he abuses them to the fullest. His tongue is so far down the kid's throat he's surprised he doesn't choke him, but there were no words of complaint spoken between the two strangers as they leached off of one another, using the very one who was supposed to destroy them as the one to help build them back up again.

It's not long before he's pulling off the others clothes, or really, just taring them off in such a haste that he's sure a few buttons went flying and the zippers were going to have to be replaced. Not that either of them cared to much at the moment as Aster hooked his

arm under one of the kid's legs and hoisted it up, firmly pressing his back into one of the heavier carets that held all kinds of illegal things neither want to know about.

Aster's attacking his neck with sharp teeth by the time he's managed to get the pants pulled down enough to be satisfactory. If the kid has any complaints about it than he doesn't mention them as he leans his head back to give the older male some room while he's basically grinding himself into the man's firm stomach. Briefly he wonders if just spit will be enough as he sucks on his own fingers, but he figures that their both a little to far gone to care and quickly writes it off. The hole swallows his first finger greedily and the night black bangs cover over the hazy green gaze as sharp teeth bit down on his bottom lip to keep anymore sounds from slipping out. Aster chuckles at the adorable sight, the vibrations going from his chest and soothing the other male in his hands as the leg around his waist pulls him in tighter.

His enemy doesn't seem to like being laughed at and his payback is a bruising kiss with a ferocity that he had been expecting to be in their fight. Aster's quick to win though when he slips in another finger, throwing the boy off balance as he gasps and squirms at the no doubt painful and odd feeling. The kid barely has time to take notice of that though before Aster's found the spot that he knows will be making the kid scream in no time. He works his fingers in a slow rhythm to start, but that doesn't last either of them very long, not with the almost to silent whimpers and hot puffs of air that's caressing over his sensitive ears when the assassin's pulled himself even closer than before.

He's done waiting, even though he knows he should be giving the guy more time to get ready, after all Aster's not small by any means and proper preparation should be taken before he takes any of his partners, but with the mouth biting down his throat he doesn't care as he's using one hand to undo his own pants. There's not much else to cover himself with so he just sticks with spitting even more onto his hand and covering himself with it. A full blown smirk is the thing to grace his face when the body right up against him whines at the lose of his fingers, already wanting to be filled again. Aster is quick in granting the wish that escapes soundless lips as he sheaths himself completely with one hard thrust.

His rival nearly screams out in pain. Instead though he bites down on the ear before him with sharp teeth that draw blood and a short yelp from the man he's currently taking it up the ass from. Aster doesn't say anything, he guesses that maybe it is well deserved and in a moment of tenderness he's pressing his lips to the growling and blood covered mouth in front of him. The kid's the one to keep them lock, whether he does that to distract himself from the pain or he actually wants to Aster doesn't know, and honestly he couldn't care, but he goes with it, allowing the tongue to enter his mouth while he's slowly rolling his hips forward.

Growls are made with every little movement, they stop though, after a few more shallow thrusts, and turn into smaller whines. Aster's not happy with it though, he wants more. This kid has to absolutely lose his mind, he wants him to scream. Changing the angle seems to work, and the kid has his head thrown back, a soundless cry coming from his lips while a grin pulls at the other assassin's mouth.

The first words he screams are a name, but it's not Aster's, so he just moves into the small body harder until the boy can't speak any words at all.

The kid is done first, and Aster doesn't ever remember being so turned on by anyone he has ever slept with. He finishes not even a few moments later, he holds the tensed body close, his breath is heavy against the others neck while he screws his eyes shut tight. There is a moment where he doesn't want to let go, where he just wants to continue holding the other until the end of time, he doesn't care if they are strangers or not.

He pulls away, moving himself out of the other gently before helping the shaky body stand on their feet.

"Get lost kid." He mutters, doing up his own pants while the green eyes blink at him as they fix themselves.

Aster doesn't bother saying another word before his knife is back in his hand. The knife slides easily over the kid's arm as a nasty hissed fills the air between them.

"You're dead." Aster mutters, the blood dripping down the blade and gathering at the hilt. "I've just killed you."

He's giving him a way out, and if the kid's smart he'll take it. There are a few moments of uneasy silence, green narrows sharply before it's lost forever in the shadows. Aster won't even bother sighing as he slides the knife back in it's sheath, still dirty, but at least one of them can be free, even if the other is stuck in chains.

\_"We want you to kill him." \_

They wanted it, and it was done. The Night Fury was gone, what he decided to turn into Aster didn't care to know, he only hoped it would e better.

End  
file.